

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.

The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.

No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.

Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.

The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

FIFTH—NATIONAL STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

THE SHAFTER OF THE FILIPINOS.



"Far from the Madding Crowd's Ignoble Strife."

being watched by the inspectors, and confessed that he did not know what become of condemned carcasses.

Beef Inspector A. E. Dison testified that it was possible to take bad beef from the tanks without the knowledge of the inspectors, and that he had heard of "outside houses gaining possession of condemned cattle and slaughtering them."

This confirms the statement of Dr. W. S. Devoe, Chief Inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who testified on Saturday that condemned animals had been removed from the tanks.

If there is any foundation for the report that the members of the court of inquiry had already determined to acquit the beef packers of any attempt to defraud the Government, this accumulated evidence of revolting practices at the stock yards may cause them to change their minds.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S COWARDICE.

The eccentricities of "Calf-love" have never been so exhaustively exploited as in the case of the Long Island youth who became enamored of his school teacher. The ebullient courtship of this precocious infant has set a considerable community agog, and afforded columns of more or less amusing reading for a metropolis.

Calf-love is a good deal like measles. Few youngsters escape it. Like measles, too, love is seldom serious in the very young, but increases in gravity with the age of the victim. It may not be quite so easy to cure as measles, but for such cases as this latest most efficacious remedy was prescribed by a relative of the lovesick swain. A "big hickory stick" was the principal ingredient, and the doses were to be large and frequent.

Incidentally the question arises whether it is not going a little further than the limitations of frail human nature render reasonable to expect schoolmarm's to be immune from love. As these are points that Ovid and other classic writers on this ever-young theme forgot to consider, it is impossible to quote any very ancient precedent; but where our pastors and masters, our savants and philosophers fall, why should the schoolmarm be expected to have a heart sheathed in Kruppian armor plate? Discretion is, of course, always desirable, and seems to be lacking in the Long Island case, but, as a general proposition, should we consider that the teaching of the young idea necessitates the abandonment of the natural affections?

But the Journal contends that her crime should be expiated in prison. It is in the power of the Governor to commute her sentence to life imprisonment, and he should have the courage to meet the question squarely.

A GOOD WORD FOR GOMEZ.

The action of the Cuban Military Assembly in impeaching General Maximo Gomez, and removing him from his command as General-in-Chief of the Cuban army, is the result of the greed for spoils that colors every act of that remarkable body of lawmakers. When General Gomez agreed to the proposition made by the United States to pay the members of the Cuban army \$2,000,000 he incurred the wrath of the Assembly, which has been demanding a larger sum.

The opportunity for plunder was so great that General Gomez is denounced as an enemy of his country for not giving the Cuban Military Assembly a chance to raid the treasury. This grand old patriot has fought too long for Cuban freedom and has made too many sacrifices to be accused of disloyalty. He has the affection of his people and the confidence of this country. He can afford to ignore his detractors.

Make June 1 "Dewey Day."

Editor of the New York Journal:
Dear Sir: Would it not be very appropriate just now to agitate and arouse public sentiment to make June 1 "Dewey Day." I think now that Admiral Dewey has positively declined to accept the nomination and without doubt the election to the highest office in the gift of the people that we should at least honor him by making June 1 a national, or at least a State, holiday. You successfully engineered the celebration in honor of the birth of Greater New York; so I have not the least doubt that you would be successful in the celebration of "Dewey Day."

ALFRED S. FIELD.
No. 2054 Third Avenue, New York City.

A Pic for the Old Soldiers.

Does it not seem strange that a Government like ours should treat its old soldiers as it has done? I refer to the men who were in the service of the United States before the war with Spain. It has given to men who have since then, many of whom have never seen any service outside of an army barracks, an extra month's pay, while we, who had to prepare them for duty, as well as those of us who went to Cuba and other places, standing all hardships incidental to such campaigns without a word of complaint, have gone unrewarded. Don't you think we should have an extra month's pay as well as they?

BATTERY M. FOURTH ARTILLERY.
Fort Constitution, N. H., March 9.

CHARM OF CHILDREN IN THE ART OF BOUTET DE MONVEL.



RETURNING FROM SCHOOL. AT THE SOLDIER'S PARADE.

WITH a fine brush dipped in the gold and the ultramarine of the ancient illuminators of missals, Maurice Boutet de Monvel has known how to paint the candor, the naive charm, the mystic art of Jeanne d'Arc's life.

He has lavished in colors, on the lines of drawings made frail by dint of purity, the riches of a cathedral's treasure. He has evoked the perfume of hyssop, the chant of harps, and salutes who were great ladies, and angels playing the lute.

He has recalled the fifteenth century, whose art makes one think of a forest still in buds. He has followed step by step the chronicles and led one through scenes that were enchanted to the stake at Rouen from the fairies' tree at Domremy.

It was a beautiful, venerable tree. It had many names because it inspired many thoughts. It was close to a fountain near which was hidden a mandrake that sang. All the rustic magic things were reunited in that little corner of earth; an innocent paganism came to life in it every year with the leaves and the flowers.

Jeanne sat in the shade of the tree and the fairies whispered to her: "We are the silver in the foliage, the rays of the moon, the perfume of flowers, the voluptuousness of things." But the great ladies, St. Catherine and Saint Marguerite, appeared at the fountain, luminous as the figures of the stained glass windows, and they said, "Jeanne, save France!"

In the American Art Galleries, for a week at least, one may revel in the delights of all this. The mural painting made for the church at Domremy is the first of six large panels to project. Even the one that is shown here is not finished. It represents the heroine recognizing the Klug in the crowd of his courtiers.

She is in the clothes of a man, and kneels. The gesture of her extended arm is the central aim of the picture. Around her the lords and ladies stand in their varied costumes. They have expressions of doubt, of interest, of curiosity, of indifference. They stare, smile protectively, pity. In Jeanne's face is the reflection of ideal faith that the apparitions of the saints have left there.

The gold and the blue in the colors are those of the Books of Hours treasured by the Dukes of Burgundy, the secret of which was apparently lost in the ages; the features of the personages, their attitudes, have the same artistic origin as the colors. The work has the admirable simplicity of its subject, of Jeanne d'Arc, who was a flower of the fields. She was so near to nature that even the philosophers who fear that all is illusion are delighted by her.

It is amazing that a painter of the present time, of this very instant, should have been able to realize her poetic figure. The secret of this is that he is the inspired painter of children; that he has been able to return to their intuitiveness, to become instinctive, destitute of lessons learned pain.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

ALAN DALE AND FIVE PAIRS OF LOVERS. A PLAY UNWORTHY OF THE LYCEUM.

AFTER all, there is nobody who can fit the Lyceum company better than one Arthur Wing Pinero, author of delightful "Trelawny" and "The Amazons." Mr. Frohman should feel complimented that the greatest of living English playwrights should be able to display the talents of his organization. Nothing but a "sickening" should describe the dreadful fall which that company took last night, when a play-saving the mark—called "Americans at Home," by Grace Livingston Furness and Abby Sage Richardson, was produced.

If it be possible to imagine a luckless combination of Laura Jean and "The Duchess"—a combination of these two, mind you—"Americans at Home" is certainly that unfortunate blend. Clever people are thrown away upon twaddle that simply chambers over every act—twaddle that gets upon the nerves, that causes one's foot to jump nervously, and that leads to nothing—nothing on earth but some pretty dresses and some gorgeous open wraps.

Five pairs of lovers come on and do little things. All the world loves a lover, but ten of them, each more stupid than the other, like having too much of a good thing. Oh, Trelawny, Trelawny of the Wells! Last night we got the lees, with a vengeance!

One pair of lovers sits down on a pretty lawn, and he takes off his boot, which hurts his foot. The Mesdames Furness and Richardson have let themselves loose upon this sweet and original episode, although they didn't explain whether it was corns or bunions. Then he tries to hide his foot from her, and this antique comedy business is kept up five minutes—it seemed like an hour—until you longed for the curtain to hide foot and everything else.

Another comedy lover, this time an old fellow, made a clever punch on the stage, and that had but a slight effect on the lady's dress. And she said to him that he let her laugh! "Are you making a punch or trying something else?" And then they looked at each other and went away. It was so merry that I almost burst into tears.

The real pair of lovers—the others were all incidental—was a beautiful heiress who hated her money, and a gaunt young man who, in love with a lovely black-bugled lady, married the heiress in pique. With this pair of lovers came a great situation—one that is certainly startlingly new. On his wedding day the gaunt young man met the black-bugled lady in the garden—I mean garden!

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and they began to rake up the old love. Newly made wife approached softly from the back, and let me break it gently—heard what they were saying, and then guess what happened—she fell in a comfortable, well-selected, and nicely calculated swoon, as the curtain fell.



MARY MANNERING. EDWARD MORGAN.

I wonder who thought of this daring, glittering, bespangled piece of originality first. Was it Mrs. Furness, or was it Mrs. Richardson? I should love to know. It is a sort of an epoch-making affair—the husband and his old flame, the wife—dear little thing—overhearing their murmurs, and the swoon. I'm very fond of a swoon or two, aren't you?

In the next act—let me see, the swoon was No. 2—bugled lady has a scene with her millionaire husband. She loathes him. "I hate and loathe you," says she, in a Ladies' Bazaar attitude; "I wish that I had died before I ever saw you. I wish I were dead now." And what do you think he says? You'll never guess. Simply, "Die if you like, but if I catch you in this room with your lover, I'll shoot him first and you after." The poor thing fell terribly cut up about it. Your heart bled for her real sawdust tears. Think of a woman wishing she was dead, in a lovely black spangled dress, cut "saucy round the scrag"—as Cheever would say.

It is at this point of the play, if I am not mistaken, that they all go to the opera. No! I think they have already gone. But the opera gives some

opportunities for some of the prettiest wraps I have ever seen. (Really, this dazzling act has dislocated my grammar.) Miss Mannering's wrap is really a marvel. It is of white something, very soft, and doted, or accordion-plaited. Mrs. Waleot also sports a very Imperial affair, and the bugled lady made you gasp. These wraps were quite the best things in "Americans at Home."

I don't believe any American would stay at home if they owned anything so gorgeous. They would always be out displaying them.

To resume, the brutal millionaire comes back to the room, just after the injured wife has returned to warn her hubby and his ex-flame. Are they discovered? Nay, nay. They hide her. They do. I tell you they do. Perhaps you would believe me if I don't swear to it. Well, I swear they hide her. Hubby sees her not, and retires, injured wife having declared that she had never been heard.

It is a pleasant task to speak of the company than of the play. Poor young people. They worked hard, but they achieved nothing. Miss Mannering, who wore an Olga Netherland dress, was very pretty, and as pathetic as she could be. She has made wonderful strides to the front, and I can't forget sweet Miss Trelawny. Mr. Morgan seemed to me to be rather starchy. He had a part at which any actor might despair, and he can be pardoned for having allowed it to escape him.

Miss Bessie Tyne infused a little jollity into the proceedings as a slinky girl, and Henry Woodruff as one of those namby-pamby boys, who have nothing better to do than "make love" in the morning and the afternoon, and the evening, may be credited with not having maligned the author's intentions—if they had any. Also, if they didn't, Mr. Courtleigh as the millionaire looked rather poor, and shiny, and Miss Hilda Spang as the bugled lady, was quite charming without her Trelawny ermine. Good old Mrs. Whiffen—sweetest of stage mothers—was as acceptable as ever, and Mrs. Waleot—one of the best and most exuberant dowagers of the English-speaking stage—was capital. Mr. Waleot was bluff and as nearly amusing as he dared to be, and Charles W. Butler, looking like Jimmy Powers, was quite innocuous. A little girl named Elision looked very nice.

"Americans at Home" was staged as charmingly as everything at the Lyceum is staged. The best compliment that this theatre can get is the statement that the play is quite unworthy of the house. "Trelawny" was the thing.

ALAN DALE.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S TATTLE. SUNDAY PEACE AND THE BAD VERSES OF SOCIETY.

FOR at least one Sunday we have had rest and the peace which decidedly passeth my understanding. There was no musical tea and I do not know of anything of importance which was given.

Everybody is thinking of clothes just now, and the few weeks which elapse between now and Easter will be employed with dressmakers and tailors.

Virginia Fair's trousseau and that of Emily Slocum are of American make, and I am glad to see that the milliners of New York are patronized, although I must confess that I should like to go for those tradespeople who try to get you to buy your things here by force, and who are responsible for all this martyrdom at the docks on arrival from Europe.

However, getting gowns here puts money in circulation, and it is time that Paris should be let alone.

Fortunately these costume parties such as at the Howard Constables do not call for extravagant clothes, but I really must call upon Society to suppress the "poet" who makes verses to order. Is it the cotton people? I do not understand

it. The doggerel sung at the Constables' was only one shade worse than that we heard or rather read at the Fishes'. I failed to see much appropriateness in many of the costumes. If the men would have only entered into the spirit of the thing, but they did not. They were very slow and silly. There were really not enough savages, and not one missionary with his umbrella and hymn book, either.

Is there not a verse maker in Society? Why cannot one be employed?

Where is Hooker Hamersley?

I hear that a caterer is going to make a restaurant and Summer garden out of poor Aunt Parson's Marietta Villa at Newport, and that a rival caterer is trying to get the Bennett place with the owls.

To what his one come! I always thought that Marietta Villa was a little too far down in the town, and I am sorry for the rabble who have had peaceful possession of that spot for some years that they will have to move on.

But with all the furniture, even to hair brushes, out at a hotel at the other end of town, when the

new restaurant is opened there will be very little left of the old surroundings for those who remember the good times in Marietta Villa. In the meanwhile Minnie Paget is flying around Europe with a tall daughter of very English style to bring out, and Fannie Reed has got herself a house in Paris and "Auntie" is never spoken of these days. She is forgotten already.

I hear that the sewing classes are still rowing with each other as to which should be called Knickerbocker. Why not call them all so and have done with it?

What is the difference?

The original class is that of Mrs. Schmidt and it meets on Wednesdays. Mrs. Schwab's meets another day, and it is called Knickerbocker, and I believe that Mrs. de Jersey nearly fell into the error of calling her the Knickerbocker.

So long as they sew and talk and pass the Lent away, what possible moment can all this be? I really do not believe that any of them are Knickerbocker, because there is an older class yet of downtown people who insist upon that distinction.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Two Servants of the People.

The President of the United States cares for the national concern of 75,000,000 people.

He has about 400,000 employees, civil and military, under his control.

He commands an army of 100,000 men, and the fourth navy in the world.

He is the head of a postal service that employs more workers than any railroad in America.

He disposes of revenues sufficient to buy out a trust every month.

He appoints judges and has authority over great scientific bureaus.

He is the head of gigantic gun factories, arsenals and ship yards.

He runs the greatest library in the United States and the greatest printing office in the world.

He keeps hotels and is just winding up an extensive saloon business.

He hires a large staff of clergymen and keeps school on an extensive scale.

He superintends farms and sells sealskins.

He deepens rivers and harbors, digs and operates canals, keeps up lighthouses, blows up derelicts at sea and saves lives on the coast.

He has astronomers, geologists, geographers, ethnologists, entomologists, ichthyologists, zoologists, ornithologists, hydrographers and meteorologists on his payroll.

He examines into the moral character of immigrants and foretells the weather.

For all these and innumerable other duties and responsibilities the President of the United States receives \$50,000 a year. Some people think he is overpaid; nobody proposes to increase his salary. The President has not asked for an increase, and no one has yet declined the office on the ground that the pay is too small.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is paid \$12,000,000 a year for keeping up the price of oil, iron and steel. We may call this an income from property, but it is not—it is a payment from taxation, just as much as the salary of the President. The trusts from which Mr. Rockefeller derives his income are as strictly taxing agencies as the custom houses. The only difference is that the taxes collected by the custom houses are applied to public purposes and those collected by the trusts are pocketed by the capitalists.

Mr. Rockefeller's salary, paid by the American people, is two hundred and forty times that of the President of the United States. Is the President paid too little? Mr. Rockefeller too much?

STREET STEALERS IN RETREAT.

The fight against the Amsterdam avenue grab is practically won. The street railroads have been forced to accept a compromise that prevents the laying of four tracks along the avenue. It may be necessary to amend the Ford bill, but the changes will not be made at the dictation of the street car corporations, as in the amendment offered by Senator Grady. The friends and opponents of the measure have come to an understanding, in which none of the rights of the people is surrendered, and the new measure will be promptly passed.

This is more than a victory for Amsterdam avenue; it is a victory for public welfare against corporate greed. It should carry a potent warning, not only to the street car companies, but to all other aggregations of capital, and to their tools in the State and municipal legislatures. It serves notice on them that they can go so far in their aggressions and no farther; that confiscations of public thoroughfares must stop; that the time is coming when franchises will be taxed according to their value, and that when the people gain a little more wisdom and a little more courage, they will bring the corporations up with a round turn.

The lessons of the Amsterdam avenue battle will not be lost. Against the will of the people, honestly and forcibly expressed, the power of corrupt politicians, in league with equally corrupt corporations, cannot prevail.

CALF AND PEDAGOGICAL AFFECTION.

The eccentricities of "Calf-love" have never been so exhaustively exploited as in the case of the Long Island youth who became enamored of his school teacher. The ebullient courtship of this precocious infant has set a considerable community agog, and afforded columns of more or less amusing reading for a metropolis.

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SAMPSON'S BELATED GENEROSITY.

Rear Admiral Sampson has written a letter to the President suggesting the reappointment of those officers who failed of confirmation by the Senate. He regrets that dissatisfaction with any act of his should have caused the Senate "to withhold from other officers a promotion which they have well deserved, and which has been promptly granted in similar circumstances to others."

This request is creditable to Admiral Sampson's sense of right. Had he dealt as fairly by Admiral Schley as he now does by other officers who shared in the glory of destroying Cervera's fleet, he would have spared the humiliating rebuke the Senate has administered to him.

STILL PILING UP EVIDENCE.

The court of inquiry has so far refused to call Thomas Dolan, whose revelations in the Journal about the killing of diseased cattle by Armour & Co. have caused a national sensation. But ignoring Dolan will not suppress the facts. Unwilling witnesses at Chicago are telling the truth under cross-examination by Major Lee, who is representing General Miles.

Dr. George, Assistant Government Inspector at the stock yards, in his evidence yesterday admitted that bad beef was allowed to remain in the tank twelve hours without